

A Fair Shell
BUT
A Rotten Kernel:
OR,
A Bitter NUT
FOR
A Factious Monkey.

Quid audiam verba, cum videam contraria facta?

L O N D O N,

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

AN Historical Poem, with a drolling Title, appears something like a sanctify'd Precisian, with a smiling Countenance; who, when he looks most merry about the Mouth, has always the greatest Mischief in his Heart. I am not desirous the Simile should hold good in all Particulars, because then the following Poem must be as full of Hypocrisy and Deceit, as the Person afore-mention'd; and therefore, like him, instead of a Tolleration, would deserve Punishment.

Many Persons may wonder what it was that induc'd me to toss such a fiery Bomb into a Protestant City, among an Innocent Party, who (tho' they will never suffer the Kingdom to be at Rest) are always crying out to be at Peace and Quiet; and that I should dare to sully the Glory of a Protestant Defender, (tho' with Matter of Truth) whose Memory has hitherto been industriously supported by the Legeon-Saints, with so many lying Adulations: Therefore I think my self oblig'd to acquaint the Reader with the Motives that spurr'd me on to such a warm Undertaking.

The Preface.

I must confess I could not, without great Concern, observe the many spiteful Compliments pass'd upon that Royal Dust, who, when living, felt the Smart of their rebellious Violence; and tho' laid in Silence by their Fanatical Treasons, and accurs'd Barbarity, yet they now have not Patience to let his injur'd Ashes escape the Bitterness of their vile Tongues, and malicious Reproaches, which have not only been extended to the most Just of Kings, but hitherto to all the merciful Branches of his Royal Posterity. This indeed provok'd my Muse to look a little back upon the Utopian Deliverer, and to do that Justice to his odoriferous Memory, that when rightly compar'd with the hateful Injuries done to the silent Remains of his Royal Predecessors, it might put him upon a Level with the best of Princes; so that the former may not lie trampled down under the villainous Hoofs of every canting Rebel; and the latter, without Reason, be elevated to a Pitch of everlasting Glory.

In the next Place, the provoking Liberties the audacious Incendiaries of the Utopian Faction, have taken with the Church; the ignominious Lies, and the odious Aspersions, they are daily casting upon her Reverend Clergy, and the best of her Communicants, with a Design to bring her most excellent Christian Profession into a general Disesteem, made me humbly conceive it not improper at this Juncture, (after so many Reams of Paper-Serpents first thrown on their side) to make the Publick acquainted, what sort of Pioneers these are, who have been so long digging to undermine the most Orthodox and best of Churches, and the most admirable Constitution of all the Governments in the Universe. What

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What Man, (tho' of slender Abilities for such a Task) that has either a Grain of Conscience, or a Spark of Honour, can have Patience to be silent under so many Wrongs and Abuses, daily offer'd to the ancient and glorious Establishments of his own native Country, and not stretch forth a helping Hand towards the saving of that Church, by which he hopes to be sav'd, and the defending of that Community, among whom, also in this Life, he desires to be Happy. These I must sincerely acknowledge are the main Inducements (without Prejudice to any particular Family or Person) that prevail'd upon me to take this Liberty, and if I have offended therein, C——t L——x.

The Trade, Wealth, Plenty, and Tranquility, that the Sons of Utopia have enjoy'd in my Memory, made me also willing to put the Publick in Mind of their past Felicity; therefore I conceiv'd it my best Method to begin with the merciful and pacifick Reign of the swarthy Monarch, who must be allow'd by all good Men (notwithstanding his amorous Disposition so much reflecting on) to have been one of the mildest of Princes, and not much inferior in Conduct to Solomon himself, who, notwithstanding his great Wisdom, did the same things. This I did, that the Sons of Utopia might call to Mind their former Prosperity, and by that Means, recollect, without Partiality, how far the Blessings of that Reign excell'd the Happiness of the last, so highly magnify'd, and so much boasted on; as also by what Steps and Measures the Faction have advanc'd themselves to such a pitch of Insolence.

We

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We may plainly observe, in the gradual Progress of the D——s, how insatiate they have shewn themselves under all the Clemencies of Government; when they have gain'd a little, they are covetous of more, 'till they have obtain'd too much, and then nothing will content them less than all; so that like Children, prodigal of their Courage when they are climbing a Ladder, they are led by their foolish Ambition, from Stave to Stave, 'till they are ascended to the top; and then beholding the Danger of returning, they cling fast to the uppermost Rowel, and will not venture to come down again, 'till they fetch'd.

The greatest Misfortunes that Utopia labours under, have been chiefly owing to the Gentleness of Authority, and the ill Use which the Faction at all Opportunities have made of it; so that they now think themselves too formidable for any lawful Suppression, and it is too well known they have always shewn themselves too ingrateful, when powerful, to let their Malice be asswag'd by the most indearing Obligations.

The Faction may well cry up Moderation for a Virtue, since their Party in a few Years have thriven so excessively under the Advantages of it. But the Church cannot gaze upon the mistaken Vice, without a pious Concern for the dismal Consequencies of so fatal a Compliance, which has so manur'd that Soil, in which the Seeds of Rebellion have been long sown, that we have nothing to expect, (least the Utopian Fields are timely weeded) but a miserable Harvest.

Indulgence

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Indulgence, which us'd only to be a Branch of the Royal Prerogative, or a discretionary Tenderneſs, inherent in the Prince, now ceases from any longer being a Bounty in the Sovereign, and has been made, thro' the Prevalency of the Faction, a meer Act of Neceſſity, that muſt be comply'd with, whiſt their Intereſt is ſo great, and their Numbers powerful: So that the Prince (if it be not remedy'd) muſt be continually forc'd to do many things thro' Fear, which ought to be done thro' Mercy, and at their own Diſcretion.

A deſpotick Power, which the Faction with ſo much Rage and Violence, have always diſallow'd in the Sovereign Authority; they have now almoſt gather'd into their own Hands, and are at this time within Aumes Ace of being arbitrary; for they look upon themſelves to be ſo ſecurely intrench'd againſt the W———r Artillery, that they may go on without Fear, and attack the Church without Danger: And indeed well may they threaten her beſt Friends with their extrajudicial Juſtice, and their Magazines of Power, and endeavour to frighten the Members of her Communion from her Holy Worſhip, and all publick Defences of her Rites and Ceremonies, by their insolent Menaces of ſuch abominable Uſage, ſince neither the Laws of God, or the Ordinance of Man, can retard them from that profitable (tho' Atheiſtical) Exercise of Occaſional Conformity.

I never had yet the Vanity to have any extraordinary Conceit of my own Performances; therefore ſhall not
preſume

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sume to say any thing in Praise of the following Poem, but that (tho' it was writ in haste) it was honestly intended; and therefore hope it will be favourably receiv'd by all good Church-men. So

Farewell.

A Fair

A Fair Shell,
BUT
A Rotten Kernel, &c.

CANTO I.

B Less'd was *Utopia*, when her Sovereign's Care
 Preserv'd her Natives from a foreign War,
 And made the Champions of the good old Cause

Bow their stiff Necks to her authentick Laws:

'Twas then her Sons (tho' with a thankless Mind)

Found Heav'n and Nature too profusely kind,

And with a greedy, but ingrateful Hand,

Reap'd the rich Products of a fruitful Land;

Where Peace advanc'd in spite of factious Pride,

And spread her downy Palm from side to side;

B

Where

Where Laws unbridled, did with Justice move,
 Not stretch'd thro' Malice, or restrain'd thro' Love;
 But from their Source, with Moderation flow'd
 In gentle Streams, to e'ery Native's Good.

This made the Throne look prosperous and bright,
 Whilst Loyal Subjects Smiles express'd Delight.

'Tis true, some discontented Spirits rav'd;
 Much Liberty they had, yet more they crav'd;
 'Till by their croaking Insolence, they lost

That only Gem they seem'd to value most.

Thus, like the Dog, they did in vain pursue
 The Shadow, 'till they lost the Substance too.

The obedient *Levites*, faithful to the Throne,
 Made their kind Monarch's Happiness their own,
 And thro' a pious Zeal and good Design,
 Stamp'd his just Title with a Seal Divine.
 Thus with Extreame of Loyalty inspir'd,
 Their Prince's Greatness they so much desir'd,

That

That each cenforious Schismatick would cry,
 'Twas their own Pride that made them soar so high.
 Had that good Doctrine all along been taught,
 Those Ills that prosper'd, would have come to naught;
 Nor need the Church e'er fear a factious Force,
 Would but her Guides preserve one steddy Course.

The rich Advent'rer flourish'd in his Trade,
 And with Success his *Indian* Voy'ges made;
 With Canvas Wings he flew the Ocean round;
 Return'd with Wealth in various Climates found;
 Plow'd thro' the foaming Seas without Delay,
 And fear'd no *Gallick* Plund'rer by the way;
 But when with watchful Pains and little Sleep,
 He'd battl'd with the Dangers of the Deep,
 Strugled with Waves and Winds, and conquer'd all
 The threatening Storms that Mariners befall,
 And with a prosp'rous Gale and joyful Heart,
 Safely arriv'd at some *Utopian* Port;

Bless'd with Content, he fate him down and smil'd
 On all the rich Returns, for which h'ad toil'd;
 Free from Oppressions, or the Noise of War,
 With easy Sums he did his Duties clear,
 And then enjoy'd with Pleasure, what he gain'd in Fear.

The Rural Swain his hungry Lands manur'd,
 And by his Art, his barren Acres cur'd;
 Glad to improve, he glory'd in his Pains,
 No Corm'rant Taxes to devour his Gains;
 But sow'd and reap'd, and with a willing Heart,
 To his good Guide did the Tythe-Cock impart.
 Thus to God render'd what the Priest could claim,
 But scarce knew any Tax in *Cæsar's* Name:
 His Days were pleasant, tho' his Labour hard;
 Kind Harvests and full Barns, were his Reward;
 Which free from Duty, he enjoy'd in Peace,
 And bless'd his Children with each Year's Encrease.
 No Wars afflicted the *Utopian* Isles,
 No Armies glutted on her Plow-mens Toils,
 Or flatt'ring Knaves grew wealthy on her publick Spoils:

But

But every honest and industrious Swain,
 That till'd the Field, or watch'd the nursing Plain,
 Pursu'd with Joy the Bus'ness of the Day,
 And by Content, made Labour but a Play:
 No fordid, pressing Constable they fear'd,
 Or were they with Thrum Cap, and Cutlace scar'd;
 To use them with more Savage Rage than Bears,
 And force them captive into foreign Wars;
 There in a wicked Cause perhaps to fight,
 Gilt with the Craft of Priests, to make it right:
 There for the Sport of Kings, their Pride maintain,
 Spill their own Blood, for little Hopes of Gain,
 And swell to mighty Heaps the Numbers of the Slain.

From these sad Ills *Utopia's* Sons were freed;
 No Dangers did the Dread or Blessings need;
 But each beneath his Vine enjoy'd his Rest,
 Where all that would, might be intirely blest.
 Long in this happy State *Utopia* stood,
 A Stranger to no Good, but Gratitude;

Which

Which Blessing favours e'ry Joy we meet,
And makes the Gifts of Heaven still more sweet.

In these pacifick Times few Wrongs were known,
Free from Oppression, each enjoy'd his own;
Nor justly could the meanest Slave complain
Beneath the swarthy Monarch's gentle Reign;
Who was too mild and patient to command
The Royal Scepter o'er a stubborn Land;
Too merciful to rule a factious Race,
Taught by their Fathers to be proud and base:
Who, when they're kindly succour'd, prove the worse,
And grow the more indulg'd, the more perverse;

So Beasts, by Nature ravenous and wild,
Resume their Fierceness, if their Keeper's mild;
But when they with severe Correction meet,
Fear checks their Fury, and abates their Heat,
And makes them fawn for Mercy at their Master's Feet.

Riches

Riches and Peace, that never long agreed
 With the proud Hearts of this tumultuous Breed,
 Now caus'd their fullen restless Minds to swell,
 And made them ripe and forward to rebel;
 Nor would they longer due Obedience pay
 To their just Prince, that did the Kingdom sway,
 Than whilst his Royal Hand, that steer'd the State,
 Made their strong Shoulders feel its pow'ful Weight.
 So pamper'd Jades, unwilling to submit,
 Snort at the Bridle, and refuse the Bit;
 But when hard Rid, their stubborn Tricks give o'er,
 And kindly answer to the Whip and Spur.

Thus when *Utopia* had been cloy'd with Ease
 Beneath the Blessings of a downy Peace,
 The murm'ring Brood, luxuriously sustain'd,
 Rais'd their wild Heads, and without Cause complain'd:
 Quite surfeited with Plenty to Excess,
 And all that could a grateful People bless;

But

But tir'd with Mercy, at their Prince they spurn'd,
 And Insolence to Heav'n for Thanks return'd:
 Grew worse and worse for every Favour shown,
 And triumph'd o'er the Patience of the Throne;
 Who early with a piercing Eye beheld,
 By their dark Workings, how their Hearts rebell'd,
 And did by counter Stratagems defeat
 The barb'rous End of e'ery vile Deceit;
 That they to no Effect their Ills could bring,
 But God, amidst their Plots, still sav'd the King:
 Undaunted yet they carry'd on their Mines,
 No Baulk deter'd them from their base Designs;
 For Disappointments heighten'd but their Spleen,
 And made their inbred Malice still more keen.
 Great Things they aim'd at, many dy'd in Thought;
 Something they wanted, but they scarce knew what.
 Mighty precise the half-fac'd Christians grew,
 All Saints without, tho' each within a Jew;
 For 'tis a Trick their Tribe long since found out,
 To seem, when they're most wicked, most devout;

And

And when they're raising some Infernal Storm,
 To vainly cry aloud, Reform, Reform.
 The Bawd proceeds the same dissembling Way,
 Talks piously t' th' Maid she would betray,
 'Till by some Stratagem, when warm'd with Wine,
 Sh' effects at last her infamous Design.

Plots upon Plots the giddy Faction laid,
 But still their callow Nestlings were betray'd;
 Nor could their Malice or Industry bring
 One poor Device to bear upon the Wing;
 But by their brainless Projects, forc'd the Laws
 To make new Martyrs for the good old Cause;
 Whose Head-strong Impudence appear'd, when try'd,
 And as they Rebels liv'd, they Wretches dy'd.
 At last a feather'd Fool the Faction chose,
 Compleat in nothing, but in Shape and Cloths,
 To Love and Arms, 'twixt *Mars* and *Venus* bred,
 Fit either for a Tent or Lady's Bed;
 A Beau in Body, with a Bullet Head:

To this fantastick Tool, the Party join'd
 A subtle Fox, for dark Intrigues design'd,
 Expert in Politicks, of Knowledge great,
 Fitted by Nature to embroil a State:
 For Knave and Fool in Mischiefs aptly join,
 One boldly acts, what t'other does design.
 The Brain that nurses the projecting Thought,
 Foresees the Danger of the vile Exploit;
 And therefore wants the Courage to effect
 Those Ills he does for hardy Fools project.

These were the leading Cards, to whom the Crowd
 Of factious Tools with humble Rev'rence bow'd.
 These the two Patriots, chosen by the Saints
 To skreen them in their Pride and Insolence
 From the just Punishment of each good Law,
 Design'd to keep the restless Brood in awe.
 Now the loose Mob, encourag'd by a Peer
 That had both Father and a Monarch's Ear,

Contemn'd

Contemn'd the Throne, made Sov'reign Pow'r their Sport,
 For Faction always should have Friends at Court,
 Whose treach'rous Flatt'ries should confound their Prince,
 And all his useful Jealousies evince;
 By Vows confirm him in their Faith and Love,
 And by obedient Lies, his Doubts remove;
 Conceal their Strength, and gain upon the Throne,
 When there's most Danger, to believe there's none.
 So that when Rebels are prepar'd to try
 The Combat, and the Tragick Scene draws nigh,
 The Prince unarm'd, must at their Mercy lie.

At Court the Faction multiply'd apace,
 And Peers disgusted, hover'd round his Grace,
 Ador'd their Peacock as the rising Sun,
 Not out of Love, but to affront the Throne,
 And by this Means, that Prejudice declare
 They bore to him, who was the lawful Heir;
 For he designs but little Good to me,
 That shews more Favour to my Enemy.

Now a strange Rumour of a Popish Plot,
 Among the factious Tribe, grew piping hot,
 And many frightful Stratagems were us'd
 To gull the Crowd, and make the Town amus'd:
 A private League was charg'd upon the Throne
 So private, that 'twas never yet made known.
 A Host of Pilgrims on the Gallick Strand
 Stood ready to invade th' Utopian Land;
 Gather'd together from the Lord knows where,
 Yet ne'er were seen, except 'twas in the Air;
 All ready to be prov'd by that good Saint,
 Whose barb'rous Ills no Human Art can paint;
 Whose perjur'd Tongue, false Lips, and cursed Mouth,
 Were ever scandalous to th' meanest Truth:
 But now for Hell h'as chang'd his native Land,
 To walk with wicked Judas Hand in Hand.

Thus when the Saints run howling up and down,
 And with their Crys of Pop'ry, fright the Town;

Skulking

Skulking beneath this Umbrage, they pursue
 Some desp'rate End their Malice has in view;
 And all those Ills the cheated Nation fears
 From Papists, still approach by Presbyters;
 For when their Cause is by Court-favour warm'd,
 And their proud Tribes with Wealth and Power arm'd,
 With Popish Dangers, they alarm the Throne,
 And by fictitious Plots, obscure their own:
 So Jugglers to their weak Spectators cry,
 On my right Hand before to cast an Eye;
 In the mean while his left prepares the Cheat,
 And is the Hand that's to perform the Feat.

By subtle Wiles, like these, their Cause they rear'd,
 Till the Mist vanish'd, and their Frauds appear'd.
 The King, too Wise to be too long misled,
 Early descry'd the wicked Plot they'd laid;
 And working counter to their treach'rous Mines,
 Still baulk'd their Hopes, and blew up their Designs.

Their

Their Engineer his utmost Cunning try'd,
But found no Skreen could his Approaches hide;
For all the various Stratagems he us'd,
Ended thro' Royal Conduct, still confus'd.
At length, beholding with an anxious Heart,
The cross Events of his successful Art,
And that the Mischiefs level'd at the Throne,
Were now revers'd, and justly made his own:
Struck with Concern, he should be so deceiv'd,
At his ill Fortune, not his Crimes, he griev'd:
And when his watchful Eye the Danger found,
That did his crooked Microcosm surround,
Sunk with Despair, he shook his thoughtful Head,
Curs'd the weak Tools that his Designs betray'd,
And to the Traytor's Sanctuary fled.

That Hell, where the rebellious Worm ne'er dies;
That Sink, from whence all Europe's Plagues arise;
Those filthy Heathens, that abhor no Crime,
Gender'd, like Eels, in filthy Mud and Slime:

By

By Nature to the restless Ocean kin,
 Herring without, and Butter all within;
 Fish ready dress'd, fit for Infernal Throats,
 Whose Sauce lies ready melted in their Guts;
 In Brandy boil'd, with which they're always Drunk,
 And Smoak-dry'd with *Mundungus*, nasty Funk;
 Whose Souls and Hearts are poyson'd with the Lust
 Of Wealth, which they pursue by Means unjust:
 Nor do their Deeds, which always end in Gain,
 One Sign of Human Excellence contain;
 Their Heads and Whiskers, only shew they'r Men.

When the tapp'd Rundlet, full of Spleen and Plot,
 Was upon *Europe's* Dunghil safely got,
 Where the vile Scum of Kingdoms basely thrive,
 And Rebels, like themselves, securely live;
 Where cheating Bankrupts do for Refuge fly,
 And with their ill-got Wealth, their Safety buy:
 There did he change his bad Design to worse,
 And form'd that Plot, which prov'd *Utopia's* Curse;

Assisted

Assisted by a fawning *Northern* Priest,
 A bold dissembling Anti-christian Deist,
 Church-Traytor at the best, and Jesuit at least:
 When in such Hands h'ad trusted his Design;
 Hands that did always to such Work incline;
 Pleas'd with the Hopes his Treason should succeed,
 And work his dire Revenge when he was Dead;
 He gave the Scheme to his *Batavian* Friend,
 And baulk'd the Scaffold by a timely End.
 So fell the restless Head, the Heart, the Hand,
 That fought the Ruin of his native Land;
 Whose Parts were worthy of the greatest Trust,
 Had his proud Soul not factious been, but just.

His gaudy Partner kneel'd before the State,
 And su'd for Pardon at an humble Rate,
 Whose feign'd Submission did too eas'ly move
 A Prince's Mercy, and a Father's Love;
 Who to Forgiveness, had too oft been won
 By the false Vows of a rebellious Son,
 That

That never priz'd, but when in Dangers tost,
 Those Royal Smiles his new Offences lost,
 But still pursu'd the Humour of the Times,
 And still relaps'd into his former Crimes:
 But the kind King, desirous to reclaim
 A Rebels Heart, still wip'd away the Blame.
 Thus, like good Heaven, to Forgiveness free,
 Still shew Compassion to a bended Knee.
 Thus we may see how despicably mean
 A Traytor looks, that has detected been,
 When prostrate on the Ground he owns his Guilt
 At the King's Feet, whose Blood he would have spilt:
 For he that means his lawful Monarch's Hurt,
 Aims at his Breast, and lets the Stroke fall short,
 Has no way left his wretched Life to save,
 But with a down-cast Look, to Mercy crave
 Of him, to whom he would no Mercy show,
 Had he but leave to strike a second Blow.

A hardy Traytor ought to scorn Contempt,
 And if he fails, (from Hope of Life exempt)
 On his own Breast make good his lost Attempt.

The fearful Crowd, quite baffled in their Hope,
 Scar'd with the Prospect of a Tyburn Rope,
 Began to squint on their declining Cause,
 And curb their Malice, to escape the Laws,
 Thus when in Danger, truckled to the State,
 And shew their Fear prevail'd above their Hate.

The C---y Dons, with aking Hearts, address'd
 And did their Plots in fawning Shams detest;
 Promis'd more faithful Service to their Prince,
 Than e'er their Deeds confirm'd before or since;
 Such Love they bore, such Loyalty they vow'd,
 Express'd such Duty, such Submission shew'd,
 That Life and Fortune, were but trivial Things,
 And much unworthy of the best of Kings.

With

With canting Lies and Flatteries, like these,
 They strove, when quell'd, th' offended Throne to please;
 Who knew full well their Loyalty was such,
 They ne'er at most could truly boast of much:
 The State, however, humour'd their Designs,
 And thank'd the Tribe for their deceitful Lines;
 With a kind Countenance, their Cant embrac'd,
 To make them think their Jest in earnest pass'd;
 So that both Parties seemingly believ'd,
 And yet both knew, that they alike deceiv'd,
 For neither Court or City car'd to trust
 Each other farther than in need they must;
 But equally employ'd a jealous Eye,
 And seem'd at once both mighty fond and shy.
 So when the Sharper Courts the cunning Lass
 That does for some rich Contry Fortune pass,
 Both big with Hopes, on one another smile,
 Yet both alike are jilted all the while.

The Faction by the Court were still o'er-match'd,
 Their Shams detected, and their Motions watch'd,
 Their Meetings routed, their Cabals suppress'd,
 And harass'd with the penal Laws and Test;
 Altho' they shook their Heads, and cry'd aloud,
 Pop'ry and Persecution to the Crowd,
 Yet Loyalty above their Spight prevail'd,
 And all their poor revengeful Clamours fail'd,
 That e'en the giddy Rabble were too Wise
 To rend the State, that canting Knaves might rise:
 But heedless of their Murmurs and Complaints,
 Shew themselves much more Loyal, than the Saints;
 Thus Sov'reign Conduct kept them still in awe,
 And made each proud Delinquent dread the Law;
 Thro' all their Shams, foresaw their curs'd Intent,
 And wisely baffl'd all the Ills they meant;
 Who, like to Toads and Moles, work'd under Ground,
 But yet their dark Designs Obstruction found:

Their

Their Flatt'ries still with counter Flatt'ries met,
 And their Affronts were match'd with Sights as great.
 Thus they no Ground could gain, no Tumults raise,
 T' impair their Monarch's Safty, or his Ease.
 'Tis true, they snarl'd, altho' they durst not bite,
 And with their feign'd Obedience, mix'd their Spight:
 With Malice swell'd, to see their Cause undone,
 And with the martyr'd Father, wish'd the Son.
 This Royal Goodness knew, but still the Court
 Made all their factious Envy but their Sport:
 Drove back each Mischief to its evil Source,
 And stop'd their Current by a lawful Force.
 So the majestick Ocean, when oppress'd,
 And swell'd with Rivers, that disturb his Rest,
 With Tides victorious, he their Course confounds,
 And drives them back into their native Bounds.

Plots and Assassinations they contriv'd,
 Yet their vile Projects were but still short-liv'd.

All dy'd Abortives, to the Faction's Grief,
 Whilst Heav'n's kind Hand preserv'd the Monarch safe;
 And those bold Traytors, full of Pride and Hate,
 Chose, as the bloody Instruments of Fate,
 To send the Royal Brethren off the Stage,
 A Sacrifice to their rebellious Rage,
 Were by good Providence to Justice brought,
 Condemn'd by Law, and punish'd as they ought:
 The lofty Gates did their vile Quarters bear
 To feast the croaking Ravens of the Air.
 This Terror check'd the Violence of their Course,
 And made the factious Tribe feel some Remorse.
 These sad Examples, kept them at a Pause,
 And damp'd that fiery Zeal, that warm'd their Cause;
 Cool'd their hot Veins, and fill'd them with such Fear,
 They scarce knew what to think, or how to steer;
 But from their sinking Cause each turn'd his Head,
 And to the Church for Sanctuary fled:
 So Mariners, when their right Course they've lost,
 Drove by some Storm upon a rocky Coast,

With

With watchful Eyes, they spy the Danger out,
And to escape Destruction, tack about.

This gave Advantage to the Loyal Side,
And made the cowardly Cits their Malice hide:
The Wolves did in Sheeps Clothing now appear,
Conform'd for Safty, and obey'd thro' Fear:
But Heav'n beholding with an Eye displeas'd,
How far their treach'rous Minds were still diseas'd,
And that the Loyal Air they now put on,
To curry Favour with the Church and Throne,
Was but a modish Mask each Zealot wore,
To hide the Malice he had still in Store,
'Till some new Season should their Treasons bless,
And give their Tribe more Prospect of Success;
For Rebels, like to Weeds, their Sap retain,
And if not rooted out, spring up again.

Thus *Jove*, foreseeing they would still transgress,
And prove, in spight of Heav'n, a stubborn Race,

Willing

Willing to ease a Prince so Just and Good,
 So mild to such a base unthankful Brood;
 He snatch'd the best of Monarchs from his Throne,
 T' adorn his Temples with a Heav'nly Crown,
 Where no rebellious Crowds, thro' Pride or Hate,
 Can vex or undermine his happy State;
 But where the King of Kings, enthron'd in Bliss,
 Governs his Kingdom in eternal Peace;
 Where no Dissention can their Joys molest,
 No murmu'ring Saints disturb their Heav'nly Rest,
 But where the Throne is glorious, and the Subjects blest.

CANTO II.

THE Pious Heir his Brother next succeeds,
 To him the stubborn Faction bow their Heads:
 The Prince they dreaded most, becomes their Lord,
 Hated before, but humbly now ador'd;

For

For flatt'ring Rebels always fawn at Court
 The closest, when they mean the greatest Hurt,
 And yield the most Submission to the Throne,
 When bent to ruin him that sits thereon.
 The Pious Prince, the treach'rous Herd carest,
 In earnest took, what they design'd in jest,
 Believ'd too early their fallacious Vows,
 And did for Friends his basest Foes espouse;
 Loaded with Favours the ingrateful Throng,
 Who, tho' oblig'd, can ne'er be easy long;
 Gave too much Credit to a faithless Race
 Of poy's'nous Vipers, painted o'er with Grace,
 Who, like old *Aesop's* Snake, do always harm
 To the kind Hand that does the Vermin warm;
 For tho' indulg'd, strange Jealousies they rais'd,
 'Till Fear of Pop'ry made the People craz'd;
 And e'ery Favour to their Party shown,
 They turn'd to th' Disadvantage of the Crown,
 Making their Monarch's Clemency appear,
 Not the Effect of Goodness, but of Fear;
 E And

And that his Love was but a Popish Blind
 To hide some dang'rous Project he design'd.
 Thus his most virtuous Deeds misconstru'd were
 By those he cherish'd with his Princely Care,
 And all his Royal Favours misapply'd
 By such who on his Bounty most rely'd
 For Princes always find themselves oppress'd
 The worst by Parties, which they use the best,
 And are in Times of Jeopardy, betray'd
 B' ingrateful Flatt'ers, which themselves have made.

'Tis true, some Grounds they for Suspicion had,
 Which still improv'd, soon made the People mad?
 What, tho' some Failings in our Prince we see,
 Must we, from his Miscarriages, agree,
 That Subjects may, by a rebellious Force,
 Remove small Evils by the Use of worse?
 No; for we find, if Rebels once succeed,
 Their boundless Pride does more Confusions breed,

Than

Than the worst Tyrant, or the weakest King,
 Can, by Misconduct, on a Nation bring,
 Therefore in every Case we find it best,
 If Ills we can't avoid, to chuse the least;
 And bear with Patience what we can't appease,
 But by more sharp and dang'rous Remedies,
 All good Physicians must condemn the Force
 Of Med'cines, that will make the Patient worse;
 Such Means, that only can remove the Smart
 From Leg or Arm, to some more tender Part,
 Or chase the painful Gout from the great Toe to th'Heart.

The Peoples Darling, proud of the Pretence
 He had to quarrel with his native Prince,
 Encourag'd by the Rabble's Bows and Smiles,
 Grew fond of Ruling the *Utopian* Isles;
 And made by Pride, impatient of Delay,
 He now resolves to try for Sov'reign Sway;
 Puff'd up with Hopes, he to *Batavia* flies,
 And humbly there solicits for Supplies;

For no Rebellion can be rightly laid,
 Except 'tis certain of *Batavia's* Aid;
 That Quagmire, where all Rebels first combine,
 And form the Scheme of every black Design;
 That cursed Spot, where Villany best thrives,
 From whence *Utopia* all her Plagues derives;
 There the gay *Perkin* open'd his Intrigue,
 And with his prouder Kin, obtain'd a League;
 Who had the same bold Enterprize in view,
 But wisely stifled what he meant to do,
 Foreseeing now he eas'ly should remove
 The only Block that could his Hind'rance prove,
 And by a treacherous Stratagem, obtain
 That Crown, which his weak Nephew hop'd to gain.
 So the fond Lover to his Friend sets forth
 The Beauty of his Mistress, and her Worth;
 Extols her Charms and Vertues o'er his Wine,
 And makes him privy to his whole Design:
 His Friend, like him, the lovely Maid admires,
 But prudently conceals his am'rous Fires;

Pretends

Pretends t' assist, but does, alafs! betray
His injur'd Friend, and bears the Prize away.

Just so his Grace was by his Rival serv'd,
Flatter'd with Kindness, but his Cause was starv'd;
Back'd with fair Promises, he cross'd the Main,
And to his *Western* Friends return'd again;
Who to his Aid did all their Succours bring,
And with glad Hearts, proclaim'd their *Perkin* King;
Who now depending on his false Allies,
Was disappointed of his large Supplies,
Which he expected from a treacherous Brood,
That never yet were faithful since the Flood;
From whence his Horn-brow'd Gen'ral did foresee
Their rash Attempt must needs successless be;
So prov'd, Fox like, too cunning for the Goose,
And to secure his Prey, plaid fast and loose.
Thus by Revenge, and his own Safety led,
By sham Resistance, he the Cause betray'd,
And trapp'd the brainless Rival of his Marriage-Bed.

Thus

Thus their new King, whose Policy was such,
 To trust too far, whom he had wrong'd too much;
 Was trick'd by those, who did as Friends engage,
 To fall a Victim to a Monarch's Rage;
 An Uncle, who when injur'd much, too Wise
 To stoop to Rebels Importunities,
 Or let indulgent Mercy interfere
 In Crimes, where Justice should alone appear.
 Thus their proud Leader, that disturb'd the State,
 Pursuing Pow'r, unjustly met his Fate;
 Mounted the Scaffold, having mis'd the Throne,
 Humbled that Head, which thirsted for a Crown,
 And seeking others Ruin, found his own.

Thus restless Minds, that at Dominion aim,
 Missing the Glory, always meet their Shame.

The factious Brood were now again suppress'd;
 The Punishment of some, deter'd the rest:

Again

Again they us'd their old dissembling Cheat,
 And cring'd, like Vassals, at their Prince's Feet;
 For Whiggish Loyalty most bright does shine,
 When they're just baffled in some base Design.
 The Saints, when high in Pow'r, are never pleas'd,
 But always seem most humble, when they're squeez'd:
 For if oblig'd, they're insolent and wild,
 But strictly handl'd, complaisant and mild.
 So Nettles, gently strok'd, will do us harm,
 When harder Grasps the pointed Weed disarm,
 Turn all those Stings that wound a tender Part,
 And blunting of their Points, prevent our Smart.

When Fate, assisted by Utopia's Laws,
 Had crush'd the Props of their declining Cause,
 Their Politician, and their Princely Tool,
 That cunning, crooked Knave, and well-shap'd Fool,
 Their Hearts were full, tho' no Disgust was shown;
 The bitter Pill, as yet, went smoothly down,

Tho'

Tho' their close Breasts with dire Revenge were fir'd,
 And what they could not do, they still desired.
 The Usage which their *Western* Brethren found,
 Nourish'd their Malice, tho' their Cause was drown'd,
 And kept them still prepar'd, to shew their Rage,
 When more Advantage should ascend the Stage,
 And give their envious Tribe fresh Courage to engage:
 For subtle Foes, when unexpected arm,
 And do most Mischief, when we fear least Harm.

Thus, when the Prince had made the Faction tame,
 He now pursu'd his own Religious Aim;
 Ridden by Priests, with Zeal too much inspir'd,
 Forgot those Things his Safety most requir'd,
 And cherish'd with his Smiles, a Popish Crew
 Of Flatt'ers, odious in the People's View;
 Adher'd to foreign Sycophants unknown,
 And plac'd a Brood of Vipers round the Throne,
 Nurs'd up in Principles, the publick Hate,
 Destructive to *Utopia's* happy State.

Pop'ry's

Pop'ry's a Bugbear, that her Subjects fear
 Much worse than Hell, and all the Divels there;
 The very Name distracts them as it flies,
 Gives Children Fits, makes Men in Tumults rise,
 And turns the giddy Mob to Furies in a trice.

This Weakness of the Throne bred wond'rous Strife;
 Strengthen'd the Faction, gave their Cause new Life.
 The Tribe for publick Safety now declar'd,
 Bewail'd the Bishops; cry'd, their Case was hard;
 Much Sorrow in their Looks and Words was shown,
 More for the Church's Well-fare, than their own;
 Whose seeming Love, (in which there is no Trust)
 Made many think the whole Design was just;
 That those who meant no Ill, e'en some in Lawn,
 Not judging right, unwarily were drawn
 To share their Fears, and join in their Complaint,
 Believing all was with a just Intent
 To pull th' aspiring *Roman* Clergy down,
 And move such Traytors from about the Throne;

But still the Faction to themselves propos'd
 A private End, to th' Publick not disclos'd,
 And all the time a by Design persu'd,
 That tended only to their Party's Good;
 The Fear of Pop'ry did the Church-men blind,
 To frustrate which, they firmly were inclin'd,
 But little dream'd, that when the Land was freed
 From Popish Plagues, Presbyt'ry should succeed;
 Or that their lawful Prince should be abus'd,
 Forc'd from his Throne, and so unjustly us'd;
 And that his Son, who as himself declar'd,
 Desir'd no (ill-got) Crown for his Reward,
 Should do them good for such clandestine Ends
 As to depose his Father, to oblige his Friends.

But if a lawful Prince deserts his Throne,
 Who but the next of Blood should sit thereon?

A King, when foreign Pow'r invades his Court,
 Must fly for Safety, or his Life's but short.
 However,

However, Crowns are forfeited by Flight,
 We know Possession gives a powerful Right;
 But he that's forc'd from what he thus obtain'd,
 Loses as justly as before he gain'd;
 And he that seeks new Titles to a Throne,
 Which by the Aid of Rebels he has won,
 Condemns the Practice, but the Fraud does own.

The Church was blameless, and design'd no more,
 When her proud Neighbours were invited o'er,
 Than that the kind Deliv'rer should decide
 The Controversies rais'd on every side,
 By factious Clamours, and by *Romish* Pride;
 But Human Nature is alas! too frail
 For Justice to above a Crown prevail,
 And craving Rebels too perverse, we see,
 To loose a prosp'rous Opportunity:
 So that their Hero, with desirous Eyes,
 Beheld with Safety the deluding Prize,

Whilst his best Friends, that gaping stood below,
 Long'd for those Favours sov'reign Pow'r can show.
 Thus brib'd by Int'rest, they each other serv'd,
 And to obtain their Ends, from Justice sever'd.
 So Schooll-Boys, tempted by the pleasing Sight
 Of lovely Fruits, that do their Taste invite,
 Forgetting 'tis a Crime, the Fences break,
 That their loose Appeties their fill may take:
 No sooner do they enter, but agree
 The most experienc'd Youth shall climb the Tree,
 Who wisely gathers for himself the best,
 Then shakes the Boughs, to gratify the rest.

Thus was the Darling of the Saints advanc'd,
 And those that rais'd him, only countenanc'd:
 They made him King; he, to reward their Toils,
 Made them the Objects of his Royal Smiles;
 Set all Dissenters from Chastisement free,
 And turn'd old Faction into Loyalty;

Punishing

Punishing those by new invented Laws,
 That would not damn their Souls, to serve his Cause.
 Thus Royalists are Rebels, if they fail,
 And Rebels Loyalists, if they prevail.
 The Church grew eery Day in less Esteem;
 Her pious Hopes prov'd all the Devil's Dream;
 Presbyt'ry now was chosen to support
 The Monarch's Glory, and adorn his Court:
 No *Jus Divinum* Bishops did he need,
 To make the Crown sit easy on his Head;
 Presumptuous Law he valu'd not a Clout;
 No Church Resentments fear'd, or Prelate's Pout,
 But rul'd as if his Kingdom was without;
 Yet the obedient Clergy, in return,
 Rejoyc'd, altho' they found they'd Cause to mourn:
 And to confirm the People in their Choice,
 Preach'd up *Vox Populi* for Heaven's Voice.
 So Nations, to excuse their own Offence,
 Charge it upon the Hand of Providence,

As if the great *Jehovah* gave Consent
To every Ill he stoop'd not to prevent.

Thus bare Success, in which the Wicked trust,
Make their Deeds glorious, and their Cause seem just;
For Rebels, who contend to turn the Scale,
Are their own Judges, when their Swords prevail;
So that Rebellion's chang'd by Victory,
Into a just Defence of Liberty,
And the bold Tyrant, that usurps a Throne,
Makes him the Traytor, who has lost his Crown
The Clergy always for the Conquer'rer pray,
And teach the doubtful People to obey;
He's chosen by the Lord that wins the Day.
David's the Prince the Prophet set apart
To be the Ruler after God's own Heart;
But wicked *Saul* was made the People's Scorn,
By whose vile Hand, the Prophet's Cloak was torn:
Therefore we see no King can e'er be blest,
That injures Heav'n's chief Prophet, or his Priest.

Utopia's Prince ne'er prosper'd in his Pow'r,
 After *Jehovah's* L—s saw the Tow'r;
 But like to *Saul*, they forc'd him from his own,
 And chose a little *David* to his Throne,
 Who, tho' his humble Stature mean appear'd,
 Yet his proud Soul no great *Goliath* fear'd;
 Most wisely knowing those who do excel
 In Valour, seldom do of Victory fail;
 'Tis Courage makes the Sword-fish kill the Whale.
 Not in Heav'n's Word, but Human Works, we trust;
 He that has Strength, will make us own he's just;
 When once o'ercome, no longer are we Foes,
 But justify the Pow'r we can't oppose.
 Thus take good Fortune for the Lords Decree,
 And construe Scripture by Prosperity,
 Suppose rebellious Crowds by Force invade
 Those sacred Laws, with all due Sanction made,
 And their dire Malice shall obtain Success
 By Murder, Rapine, Spoil, and all that's base;
 Yet

Yet whilst they're wreaking warm in injur'd Blood,
 Let the Priests sanctify the crimson Flood,
 And cry, 'tis God's just Doings, and the Work seems good,
 But still, tho' Artists may deceive the Sight,
 And paint the Crow's black Feathers o'er with white;
 Disguise the Turtle in an odious Dye,
 And make him with foul Spots amaze the Eye;
 Yet the vile Croaking, and the peaceful Coo,
 Will in Contempt of Art, that Difference show,
 Which Nature has decreed, between the two.

C A N T O III.

When Heav'n had thus, with one revolving Stroke,
 Utopia's ancient Constitution broke,
 And her lov'd Darling had assum'd the Throne,
 Confirm'd therein by Laws 'till then unknown;

The

The Fools believing that they now were blest'd,
 With Hearts well pleas'd, their utmost Joy express'd;
 Each Schismatick soar'd high upon the Wing,
 Proud their Deliv'rer was become their King;
 And of their Change, were so profusely glad,
 That more discerning Heads believ'd 'em mad:
 In short, all Sides, except the faithful few,
 In noisy Crowds their Satisfaction shew,
 Only because the Sov'reign T——y was new.
 So Children are thro' Ignorance misled,
 To part from Gold, with which some time they've plaid,
 For Baubles of a baser Metal made,
 And knowing not the Value they have lost,
 The novel Trifle they admire the most.

Their Hero now, to please 'em more and more
 With some new Blessing from his wond'rous Store,
 Releas'd 'em from a Tax, whose cruel Weight
 Had seem'd for Years intollerably great.

The Nation eas'd of this oppressive Load,
 Believ'd their King no Mortal, but a God;
 Approach'd his Prefence with *Hosanna* Cries,
 Not as a Prince from *Quagland*, but the Skies.

The Schismaticks all now rid Cock-a-hoop,
 The Church low'r'd Top-sail, and was forc'd to stoop,
 Who saw too late she'd been too far ensnar'd,
 And therefore bore that Usage which was hard,
 Because she thought 'twas but her just Reward;
 For whosoe'er unwarily shall join,
 Thro' want of Foresight, in a bad Design,
 (If 'tis their Fate) with Patience ought to starve
 Beneath the Disappointments they deserve.

The canting Tribe now hover round the Throne,
 There Monarch hugs them, and the Day's their own;
 With all things they comply, that he would have,
 And he denies them nothing they can crave:

In every Act, their mutual Love they show,
 And jointly strive to draw the Church-men low.
 The mighty Crime charg'd on the former Reign,
 Does now the Sanction of a Law obtain;
 And Faults before committed of free Grace,
 Confirm'd by th' S—t, wear another Face:
 Each whining Hypocrite is now made free
 To worship *Mammon* by Authority.
 The Terms were good, *do you but freely pay,*
And you to Heav'n or Hell may chuse your way;
Let us command your Pockets for our Ease,
And you your Souls shall manage as you please;
And the large Sums you muster for our Aid,
Shall with huge Int'rest by your Foes be paid:
 So fair a Bargain nothing could impede,
 Since both in one Religion were agreed;
 That is, both Parties did alike maintain,
 That Heav'n was Gold, and Godliness was Gain.

Now each Schismatick Tribe a Church became
 Much diff'ring, yet all Protestants by Name,
 As if all Sect'ries, that the Pope deny'd,
 Were Orthodox, be what they will beside;
 And must be Christians, only 'cause they're known
 To spightfully abhor the tripple Crown.
 If so, 'tis neither Faith or Grace, but Hate,
 That makes them think they're in so pure a State:
 And that good Saint that does the most detest
 Old *Peter's* Chair, must be approv'd the best,
 And for his greatest Malice, ought to be most blest.

The Tribe, thus favour'd by the Government,
 Caus'd wav'ring Numbers daily to dissent,
 Who, led by Int'rest, did for Riches thirst,
 All striving who should be rewarded first;
 But not content to share the present Store,
 The Wolves were still importunate for more,
 Uneasy 'till they'd made the Church-men poor.

To bring this charitable Task to bear,
 No Project could they think of, but a War:
 No sooner 'tis propos'd, but all agree
 To bring more Curses on Posterity:
 O *Israel!* to your Tents their Preachers cry,
 Now is the time to curb ~~F~~ Tyranny:
 Follow the Lamb, in Grace and Mercy trust,
 The Lord's your Captain, and your Cause is just.

The War's proclaim'd, to Arms the Trumpet sounds,
 The forward Crowd fear neither Death or Wounds,
 But with loud Acclamations hug their Fate,
 Assur'd too soon of what they found too late:
 Tir'd with the Blessings they had long enjoy'd,
 Quite surfeited with Peace, with Plenty cloy'd,
 Strangers to Taxes, knew no want or Care,
 Blind to the sad Calamities of War,
 Which made them bold with Dangers out of sight,
 Believing (since assur'd their Cause was right)
 It was no more to Conquer, than to Fight.

In a few Months the mighty Host was arm'd,
With beat of Drum the thoughtless Crowd was charm'd;
In num'rous Shoals the giddy Rabble run,
From Last and Anvil, to the Sword and Gun,
And every forward Youth beneath the Curse
Of a bad Master, chose to serve a worse.
Just so the Wife, that thinks her self abus'd,
Turns Whore abroad, because at home misus'd,
Flies from a Living, she may call her own,
To starve with some stern Bully of the Town.

In wild *Hibernia* they began the War,
But *Mars* ne'er breath'd within that cow'rdly Air;
So that altho' their Cause be ne'er so right,
E'en *Ufquebaugh* won't make her Natives fight:
Here the *Utopian* Arms rush'd on apace,
To the great Glory of his *Belgick* Grace,
Who, by the looting of a Horse or two,
Kill'd und'r 'im, (if the frightful Tale be true)

And

And spoiling of his Coat, (as People say)
 He made the Cowards fly, and won the Day,
 Reducing the whole Land beneath his sov'reign Sway,
 Giving the wealthy Spoils he now possess,
 To those dear Fav'rites that deserv'd 'em least,
 Those whom he chiefly lov'd, and chose to trust,
 D—b Flatterers, and the Objects of his Lust.

Both Prince and Army flush'd with this Success,
 The *Gallick* Tyrant they must next suppress;
 End in one Year presumptuously engage,
 Like *Bajazet*, to shew him in a Cage.

The lib'ral S—t now grutch'd no Expence
 T' equip their Army, and reward their Prince;
 But with such Treasure back'd the great Design,
 As if the Land had been one Silver Mine.
 The gallant Hero thus possess'd of all
 That could be needful for a General,

Proud

Proud of the hostile Numbers at his Heels,
 He quits for Foreign, the *Utopian* Fields;
 Hugs his new golden Mountain with Delight,
 Takes Bark, and bids the generous F——s good Night,
 Tells the gull'd Hot-spurs, that they need not fear,
 But e'er the Campaign's ended, they shall hear,
 That he'll deserve as much the next succeeding Year.

Thus distant Wars were vig'rously begun,
 And mighty Blusters made, tho' little done;
 Yet their false Prints with thund'ring News were fill'd,
 And Thousands of the Foe were daily kill'd,
 But on the Victor's side, perhaps, not one;
 'Twas by meer Chance *Utopia* lost a Son.

Pleas'd with this News, believing Fools were glad;
 Such Dreams and Visions made the People mad:
 The zealous Whigs, with Love and Int'rest warm'd,
 All serviceable Lies and Shams affirm'd;

And

And he that spread bad News, tho' ne'er so right,
 Was branded with the Name of *Jacobite*.
 Thus he that's partial in an unjust Cause,
 Will Human Ends prefer to Heaven's Laws,
 And worry all that dare presume to say,
 They're lab'ring in a wrong and sinful Way.

The rav'nous Whigs, who all Advantage had
 Beneath the Umbrage of their Darling God,
 Manag'd the while, that piece of D——ch Deceit,
 That made *Utopia's* Curfes more compleat:
 The coz'ning Tribe this gainful Cheat contriv'd,
 To make old Monarchy the shorter liv'd,
 That by these Means they yearly should command
 All the coin'd Riches of the bleeding Land.
 Of this new Project, mighty Use they made,
 Advancing Loans, became a prosp'rous Trade.
 The money'd Whigs grew richer e'ery Day
 By Int'rest, which the Church was forc'd to pay:

H

The

The one with large Gratuities were pleas'd,
 And fill'd their Coffers, but the other squeez'd.
 The Tribe, exempt from Taxes, lent their Coin
 To serve their Prince, but 'twas with this Design,
 His Royal Conduct should improve their Gold,
 And make the Nation, which was bought and sold,
 Return it to the Us'ers double-fold.

The Whigs grew Rampant, as the War went on,
 And what the Publick lost, their Party won;
 What one Whim could not do, new Tricks supply'd;
 B——k, Lott'ries, Loans, and fifty Cheats beside,
 The Kingdom's Well-fare every Year annoy'd.
 Good Workmen always find vent Tools require,
 Thro' sundry Holes the Artift draws his Wire.

Thus many Years the Sword was kept in play,
 The Nation gaping for a prosperous Day,
 But still ill Conduct did her Hopes defeat,
 And made the vig'rous W—— prove all a Cheat.

'Tis

'Tis true, some little **Flashes of Success** did soon appear,
 Appear'd, but well improv'd, they did no less
 Than gull the **Crowd**, and heighten their **Distress**.

Years after Years the trading War went on,
 But still **Utopia** further was undone;
 Her Constitution into pieces torn,
 Those made her Masters, who were once her Scorn;
 A factious Tribe above her Church advanc'd,
 Who always prov'd her Curse, when countenanc'd;
 Her Wealth consum'd, her valiant Sons betray'd,
 To languish, in a fruitless War, unpaid,
 Whilst those her Natives labour'd to defend,
 By solemn Leagues, oblig'd to be her Friend,
 Did all the while her Int'rest undermine,
 And robb'd her of her Trade, and next her Coin.
 At last the vile Oppressions grew too great,
 Her weaken'd Subjects reell'd beneath their Weight;
 Hung down their drooping Heads, and sighing mourn'd
 To see their Plate to Hoop-stick Tallies turn'd;

And Sums, which hoarded lay in Bags and Pots,
 Chang'd by degrees into *Exchequer Notes*;
 This made the People murmur and complain,
 And wishfully look back, altho' in vain,
 Upon the Blessings of the former Reign.
 When the whole Land did thus uneasy grow,
 A Peace was then hush'd up, the Lord knows how;
 And the long Contest, which began too soon,
 Was ended when it ought to've been begun.
 Thus, thro' ill Management, that vig'rous War,
 That found *Utopia* wealthy, left her poor,
 And only render'd fit, with Sighs and Groans,
 To curse or mourn the Follies of her Sons.

So Spend-thrifts, prodigal of Wealth and Ease,
 When ruin'd by their vile Debaucheries,
 With empty Pockets, sinful and unfound,
 They curse those Vices, (as indeed they're bound)
 That did at once their Riches and their Health confound.

Now

Now the dull way'ring Crowd, who long before,
 Hollow'd themselves into a fatal War,
 Did in rude Numbers equal Joy express
 Upon the welcome Tidings of a Peace:
 Therefore their wanton Sallies only threw
 They're highly pleas'd with e'ery thing that's new,
 And cannot by their shallow Reason's Force,
 Distinguish Good from Bad, or Bad from Worse,
 The Right from Wrong, or Blessings from a Curse;
 But judge of all things by their chance Events,
 And know no Difference, but by Consequence.
 So grov'ling Brutes, blest'd but with little Thought,
 Are by kind Usage and Correction, brought
 To know what's meritorious from a Fau't.

The Prince now tir'd with sov'reign Weight, that prest
 Too close and heavy on his Royal Breast,
 Viewing his Throne, with num'rous Plagues beset,
 Ten Millions funk, and eighteen more in Debt;

All charg'd on his Mismanagement, and theirs,
 Who in the Frauds and Profits had their Shares,
 As 'twas aloud, made manifest long since,
 Tho' skreen'd from Justice by their partial Prince,
 And still continued under Hand in Pow'r,
 To bubble blind *Utopia* o'er and o'er.
 The Peoples Clamours, for the Evils brought
 Upon the Land, now plagu'd each Royal Thought,
 Impair'd his Health, did his great Mind perplex,
 And hourly wass'd the declining Kex,
 'Till the pale Messenger of Fate, that brings
 Unwelcome Tidings to the Beds of Kings,
 Stood ready with a bold exalted Hand,
 To speedily obey just Heav'n's Command.
 When thus he found the dreadful Minute near,
 And his proud Soul just ready to expire,
 To shew what Embers of his Love remain'd
 To the kind Land, o'er which he long had reign'd,
 Tho' to support his Pen, he wanted Force,
 He did by Stamp bequeath his dying C—se;

When

When this, the Product of his own kind Thought,
 Was, to all *Europ*'s Sorrow, brought about
 The Lamp of Life expir'd, and Royal Snuff went out.

His Mercies did all other Kings excel,
 As *L*——re and *Gl*——o knew full well;
 His Justice most remarkably was shown
 On all that did his d——tf——l R——t disown.
 In short, he was (as all his Actions prov'd)
 So like the P——y he espous'd and lov'd,
 That tho' he's Dead, his Vertues still remain,
 Impress'd so deeply in each R——ls Brain,
 That Loyalty will scarce e'er rise again.

FINIS.

When this the friend of his own kind thought
Was to all Kings a sorrow, brought about
The Lamp of Life expired, and Royal Smit went out.

His Mercies did all other Kings excel,
As I ———— and GI ———— knew full well;

His Justice most remarkably was shown
On all that did his d ———— I R ———— : shown

In them, he was (as all his Actions prov'd)

So like the P ———— y he expos'd and lov'd,

That tho' he's Dead, his ———— still remain

Impress'd to deeply in ———— 's Brain

That Loyalty will scarce let life again.



FINIS

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46